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Catholics and Liberals—page 17

New Republic

Reflections on Manifest Destiny

— by T. R. Fyvel

A British writer suggests that the American Empire is here to stay

Herblock and Fitzpatrick on 1951

Getting Together at Belgrade

— by Gilbert Harrison

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Letters

The Alcohol Tax Unit

● A knight in shining armor emerges from William V. Shannon's article on the New York tax scandals (*NR*, Dec. 3). His name is James Wright, Assistant Supervisor, Permissive, of the Alcohol Tax Unit, 2nd District, New York. Mr. Shannon gives some indication of Mr. Wright's work in keeping corruption out of one federal tax office in New York. There is more to be said for Mr. Wright and his inspectors.

When James H. Wright was sent to New York, early in 1942, a bootlegging ring had corrupted many of the underpaid inspectors of the Alcohol Tax Unit. The handling and prosecution of this case had brought the morale of the New York office to a new low. . . . Wright has been able to get some promotions and salary raises for his loyal men. He, himself, was raised a little in pay and grade. But, political pressure still makes a promotion here and there. Perhaps this political pressure would be stronger if the jobs paid what they are worth.

Let us distinguish between the Third Collection District, New York, and the New York Office of the Alcohol Tax Unit. To Internal Revenue men, Mr. Shannon's error in confusing them is grave enough to cause a lack of confidence in some of his other statements.

The Alcohol Tax Unit office in New York covers all New York State and Puerto Rico. The Third Collection District, New York, covers only part of Manhattan Island, that part north of Twenty-third Street. Like the Income Tax Unit, the Intelligence Unit and other Treasury Department Enforcement Agencies, it is entirely separate from any collector's office. Basically, it does not matter to the collectors who engage in the liquor business, so long as he pays all taxes assessed. It does matter to the members of the Alcohol Tax Unit. They are law enforcement officers and experts in alcohol.

Little Rock, Ark. GLENN BELCHER

A Defiance of Fact

● To students of international affairs, the fantastic switch that England has made in her foreign policy, in her effort to hold on to her Empire, is incredible. Here we have a nation, who in her entire history, has never submitted to international law; now in the face of Russian power she has suddenly become one of the most outspoken supporters of this.

I realize the futility of arguing against our nation, accepting Churchill as a spokesman for the Western world, especially when we are so heavily committed to our European program. There is no point in bringing up the history of these nations, because we are ready to forgive and forget every atrocity they have committed, in our fantastic effort to have them as allies.

It is needless to say our entire attitude toward these European nations is in reality an educated defiance of fact.

New York City A. S. DUNLAP

Indispensable

● I would, without taking up your time, just like to say that the *New Republic* is the most meaningfully compiled and edited weekly news magazine I have yet had the pleasure to read.

As a student at the University of Chicago, where slanted facts and pseudo-reasoning fill the intellectual atmosphere like the amorphous dust that blankets Gary, I find the *New Republic* indispensable for clear thinking on current national and international affairs.

Chicago, Ill. THEODORE HUSZAGH

Difference of Opinion

● Robert Hatch did not like *The Desert Fox*. I saw the film twice and considered it most entertaining, interesting and informative.

The picture was not solely a "glorification" of Rommel, as the reviewer assumed. Rather, I thought, it was a reasonably honest documentation of important historical events. Many of the themes developed by the movie such as Hitler's increasing interference in his military machine, the overruling of the decisions of his generals, the costliness of the Allied victory had the German generals been given control of the army, and the belated plot to assassinate Hitler served to educate those who were ignorant or forgetful of some important events of World War II. . . .

Roanoke, Va. W. H. MARTIN

[What *The Desert Fox* teaches is that Hitler's field generals were cultivated gentlemen of impeccable honor and humane sensibilities; what history teaches is that a military caste will fight for any maniac who provides the powder and men. It is the second lesson we should not forget. – R.H.]

Two-Way MacArthur

● In his newly published book, *A Foreign Policy for Americans*, Sen. Robert A. Taft has made the remarkable statement that "power without foresight leads to disaster," implying as it were that the President's power without foresight has led to our disastrous foreign policy.

An even more remarkable statement comes from Richard H. Rovere and Arthur M. Schlesinger Jr. via their highly objective *The General and the President*. It is that on December 7, 1945, a suggestion reached the State Department that US aid to China "be made available as a basis for negotiation by the American Ambassador to bring together and effect a compromise between the major opposing groups (the Communists and Chiang Kai-shek) in order to promote a limited democratic China." The author of this happy little thought was MacArthur.

Since the President has acted upon this recommendation and the General is reputed to belong to the power-without-foresight-leads-to-disaster school, it would seem that should the venerable hero of Bataan choose during the vociferously fading and ostentatiously non-political phase of his career to run in a strictly non-political Presidential campaign he'd win over every opponent, for no candidate, not even Senator Taft, will be able to claim, as the General will if and when elected, power, foresight AND hindsight as well.

Long Beach, Calif. METEK VOLK

Modern Poetry

● . . . It seems to me that anyone who has to try to understand poetry does not understand what poetry is. You have to feel it in your innards, not in your brain only. . . . If I were not afraid of being cast into outer darkness by the professors, I would add that many of Kipling's pieces do [this] to me. It is one of the tragedies of American literature that it has never had a Kipling to express the feeling of the common man in common man's language. . . .

Roxbury, Conn. WILLIAM MCFEE

Eisenhower's Task Is Impossible

● Permit a subscriber and faithful reader of the *New Republic* to challenge your position in connection with SHAPE and Eisenhower's task. The truth is, that task is not only "difficult" but impossible, and, what is more, the General himself has virtually admitted the sad fact. For some reason, the liberal press has paid no attention to that extraordinary admission. Is the truth so unpalatable, or are we too cowardly to face it?

Captain Liddell Hart, in the pages of the *New Republic* itself, an ardent supporter of SHAPE, said this recently:

. . . It is easy to understand why Eisenhower has not only come to support the Pleven Plan for an integrated European army, but is now urging the necessity of European federation, in place of a multiplicity of governments. For he pungently says: If we drag out the job, we fail.

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New Republic

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WASHINGTON WIRE

ANOTHER New Year in the Capital. The dominant mood in 1952 will be political because of the Presidential election. Truman won't get much that he asks; Congress will dodge the imposition of new burdens on voters if it can possibly avoid it. Again foreign policy will tend to follow the lead of Russia—unless we get plenty of rousing provocation from the Kremlin foreign aid will be cut, the security budget program will probably be slashed; we will be sharp with our allies, and the Point-Four program will be whittled down still further. Another New Year in the Capital—and all the little men in office and the great benign figure of Lincoln in his marble memorial still looking out over the land, thinking with humorous melancholy of what might be!

We are optimistic about truce prospects in Korea. The considered opinion of the Pentagon and the State Department is still that Chinese Communists want peace. After listening to some of our men talk here, we think we will hazard a forecast: there will be truce on the Korean battlefront within a couple of months, maybe sooner.

Russia's willingness to accept George Kennan as American Ambassador has surprised many observers. He is the author of the containment policy, and his rejection would have made logical Soviet propaganda. It is doubtful if Kennan can do much in Moscow. Yet his presence there is regarded as important. Top officials still believe Russia doesn't want war; they believe that, with luck, war can be averted. But the Politburo, so far as can be made out, is the prisoner of its own misinformation. Soviet representatives abroad would be risking their necks if they did not report that Western democracy is in decay and that the Atlantic powers intend to attack. The danger of war may lie in some hasty Soviet move based on gross misconception; a capable American envoy in Moscow may be invaluable in passing over such a crisis.

Truman asked the last session of Congress for $10.8 billion in new taxes and Congress gave him $5 billion; he is likely to ask for the other $5.8 billion now, and Congress will give him nothing. The first rule in politics is not to vote taxes in an election year. Besides that a new thesis has been born: "The country can't stand more taxes." This thesis really means: "We are tired and won't 'pull in our belts'. We are sick of foreign aid, dislike Europe, hate Point Four. We want security, of course, but inflation is a greater danger than Communism so let's cut back rearmament. Let's elect Taft and retreat from world responsibilities."

You will see a great deal of this new attitude in the coming session. It runs to the center of nearly every other big economic issue. Actually, of course, national income is mounting with expanding productivity; Harvard's Seymour Harris says it is jumping $20 to $30 billion yearly. Half of that increase could be taken in new taxes without greatly affecting America's vast present prosperity. That would about balance the budget and make inflationary Treasury borrowing unnecessary.

Truman's economic adviser, Leon Keyserling, also particularly warns against sudden, sharp cuts in foreign aid. Certain nations are far more advanced in inflation than we; a drastic slash in US aid at this time, he says, might have a shattering effect upon their economies and political stability. But Taft knows better.

There is a NATO meeting in Lisbon early in February. Eisenhower will be there and it would make an ideal time for him to bow out of Europe. He will, in any case, doubtless summarize the hopeful and, in many ways, amazing advances in European security since he took

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over. After that, if he really wanted to, he could come home and run for President.

Meanwhile the slick-running Taft machine is steadily amassing Presidential delegates and giving Ike's badly organized supporters nightmares. Whether the General has passed the point-of-no-return in committing himself to the race is not known. But it is at least conceivable that if Senator Taft continues to gain, Ike will want stronger assurances from supporters before taking a public step.

Republicans played their cards skillfully in denouncing the State Department during the negotiations for ransoming the four US fliers from Hungary. One team attacked the Department emotionally when it appeared that the ransom was not going to be paid; another team, led by Minority Leader Joe Martin and Sen. Styles Bridges (N. H.) instantly denounced the action when it was taken. "Weakkneed groveling" was Bridges' expression. The two sets of opposite attacks sounded as though they came from the same typewriter in national GOP headquarters here.

Ransom payment may lead into all manner of dangerous alleys. Politically, it seemed unavoidable to the Administration. Practically, it encourages more imprisonments and higher demands. How can the government insist that Chinese citizens refrain from ransoming relatives in Communist China, for example, after this? There is another, greater danger. Ransom demands have led the United States into war in times past. This is no light matter with Hungary.

The general belief is that there will be no steel strike. The fact-finding commission will recommend a compromise, it is assumed; the Administration will buy off management by letting it breach the wage-price line; the newspapers will put all the blame on the union, and everybody will be happy save the forgotten man with life insurance and savings accounts which will shrink further in value in the consequent inflation.

Washington T.R.B.

CORRESPONDENCE

(*Continued from page 2*)

The "necessity" of European federation, mind, not the desirability, which no rational liberal questions. Now, if a certain condition is *necessary* to the success of an enterprise, the impossibility of that condition obviously means the impossibility of the enterprise—if plain words still possess meaning. The job in question is impossible, therefore, since European federation is only a dream, and no one now living can hope to realize that dream.

Why doesn't Belgium join France? Why did France reject the world-shaking Churchill proposal to France, when that proud country was down and out, to become an autonomous part of the United Kingdom? Because the multiplicity of governments in Europe is favored by 100 percent of the people of Europe, and federation is an idea they won't even stop to consider. History, tradition, habit, inertia, deep-seated fears and suspicions severally forbid federation. Thus the Eisenhower job is bound to be "dragged out"—and for decades or generations. Why not, then, drop the whole futile project as hopeless and turn, realistically and sensibly to the only alternative—a comprehensive settlement of the so-called Russian problem, which is also an American problem? A good understanding with Russia is indeed "necessary," and it is *not* impossible. Churchill, fortunately, seems to be anxious to work for this rational solution, and one must hope he will try, try again, and persevere.

Liberals and the Court

● Referring to the letter of Charles F. Luce (*NR*, Sept. 24), as one of the liberals he criticizes, though a very obscure one, permit me to set him right.

We who in past years criticized the "Nine Old Men" of the Supreme Court, did so with no thought we could overthrow the practice of many years by the Court of passing on the constitutionality of the laws of Congress. We believed that such power was not given the Court by the Constitution, either directly or by implication, but we recognized that usage had now established it. Our point was, in brief, "you have no such right, but it is now too late to correct that. However we ask that you at least use this improper exercise of power, to establish, not to defeat, the Constitution and the Bill of Rights."

That is what we now ask in the matter of free thought and free speech. The theory that any law enacted by legislative power is to be the criterion of justice was one of the things against which our forefathers fought in the Revolution. We therefore criticize the Court for now attempting to set up that standard, and demand the right which our fathers fought for in Revolutionary days, and which has thus far never been denied, to speak and think according to the dictates of our own minds and consciences, unless that "clear and distinct danger" which Justice Holmes made the standard, is shown to be imminent as the result of our freedom.

Incidentally, it is rather amusing that the Court which once held the acts of Congress to be subject to their review, should now take the position that Congressional enactments are sacrosanct in their pronouncements on one of our most cherished rights.

Los Angeles, Calif. FRANK C. REID

The 1952 Campaign

● There is reason to believe that many independent voters will not vote for H.S.T. if he should decide to run again. He is not the man to promote the Fair Deal program (and neither would Justice Vinson) as exemplified by his appointments. Of course, no independent liberal will vote for Taft. Eisenhower, who said that if the working man wants security he can find it in jail, although an internationalist, would not promote any social program at home. After all, we must live at home too! So, we need a man who will promote *both* domestic and international programs. If any of the aforementioned are candidates for President I should consider the workingman as having no candidate for President.

The Republicans have a good chance at the White House if they would run the Morse-Warren ticket. The Democrats if they would run the (W. O.) Douglas-(Helen) Douglas ticket. I believe, however, that since Estes Kefauver would get much more popular support than the more-preferred Bill Douglas, maybe the Kefauver-Helen Douglas ticket would be satisfactory with the electorate. Able and aggressive Helen Gahagan Douglas would be a practical political nomination which would appeal to the women voters.

Swissvale, Pa. EDWARD J. BLOTZER JR.

● One of your readers in Florida, disregarding all straws in the wind, makes the pessimistic prophecy that the next President will be a man chosen by Wall Street. Once before, in recent times, according to President Franklin D. Roosevelt, the Capital of the USA was transferred from Wall Street to Washington, and that was accomplished by the voters who chose the man to do it.

Justice W. O. Douglas should be introduced more audibly (press, radio and television) to the people who desire the rehabilitation of the ideals of integrity and statesmanship.

Hollywood, Calif. ANTONIA HILDER

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THE OBSOLESCENCE OF LABELS

ROBERT TAFT and Aneurin Bevan are two men whose names are symbols of fiercely conflicting political philosophies. Yet, on critical issues they stand together.

Most people in Britain and America believe that military might is the basis of Soviet power and threatens world peace—but not Bevan or Taft.

Bevan charges that:

> The policies of the West are based on a gross overestimate of Soviet strength. . . .

Taft adds:

> We have completely overestimated Russian strength. I feel less concerned about the ultimate success of Russian military power than do many others.

Most people in Britain and America believe that military power compels the West to seek peace through parity in arms. But not Bevan or Taft.

Bevan in *One Way Only* argues:

> It is time for us in Britain to re-examine the program [Atlantic rearmament], to cut it to reasonable proportions and to see whether, by our example and pressure we can spread sanity across the Atlantic before it is too late.

Taft, in announcing his candidacy, added:

> I have felt that there should be a complete reappraisal of the whole program of anti-Soviet military action.

Many people in Britain and America feel that our common tasks require a closer union. But not Bevan or Taft. Both Bevanites and Taft opposed the US loan to Britain of 1946. Both have been doubtful about the worth of US aid. Taft opposed the Atlantic Pact. An article in Bevan's *Tribune* concludes:

> The disparity of power between America and Britain is growing and will continue to grow. If we do not take the initiative soon [in breaking away] we shall, like Mussolini's Italy, be taken for a ride from which there is no return.

When Bevan, the leftist, and Taft, the rightist, join forces on today's central issues what can independent men conclude?—simply that the political labels of the past are largely obsolete.

In the days when these labels were properly worn, social justice was the central issue for the industrial democracies. To be Left was to press for a fairer distribution of the benefits of society. To be Right was to resist change along these lines. The realization that social gains could not be set apart from freedom and security in left-wing programs should have been faced and was not, when the Communists tied the banner of social justice to the chariot of a police state. When that police state employed military force to expand its power, a Left program that held forth social change as the answer to every need became irresponsible and even reactionary.

And, in the same way, when a dictatorial and militarist society in Russia set out to appropriate the hopes of all exploited and captive peoples for social justice, a rightist policy based on the denial of these hopes at home and abroad became equally irresponsible and far more dangerous. For the truth remains that the military burden of the democracies can be contained and borne only if social progress gives our own and all peoples the will to keep or to gain their independence and freedom.

Impatience with continuing evil, unselfishness in promoting needed change, respect for the right of other peoples to seek their own paths to self-fulfillment, responsiveness to new ideas, these are elements in a lasting political philosophy, more appropriate than labels that outline their time. The capacity of the Left for righteous indignation is basic to this attitude. So is the quality of self-doubt the Left too often lost. The outlines of a decent future were never more uncertain. But the necessity of great structural changes in the relations of independent and free nations seems to us to be central and clear. The soldier in a European army, the investor in a new enterprise overseas, are far more the instruments of that future than those who fumble with the catechisms of a long dead past. What they are working toward they do not know, nor do we. One morning young men from Bangkok to Reykjavik may wake and realizing that it is simple and obvious, wonder why they spent so long in darkness. If they wear a new label it will be their own. It may be made up of many of Bevan's ideas and some of Taft's, but mostly we guess, it will be formed from ideas that have passed by both men.

Attitudes of Left and Right outlive the passing systems pinned on them by doctrinaire men. As new ideas emerge in response to new needs both attitudes will be redefined. Bevan in resisting needed structural change has not destroyed the Left position which alone gives change its purpose. He has simply created a new category: the Tories of the Left.

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THE WEEK

HARRY MOORE, NEGRO

Defiance of law and contempt for human life reached a new low last week with the night-time murder of Harry T. Moore, the mild ex-school teacher who from his cottage in Mims, Florida, has performed some of the more modest tasks in defending members of his race against mob action. For 20 years Moore worked in the National Association for the Advancement of Colored People, raising money, recruiting members, writing polite letters to white legislators. His most recent activity had been in connection with the defense of the three Lakeland County Negroes accused of raping a white woman in 1949. When the bomb went off under Moore's cottage last week, that case had been considerably narrowed. One of the defendants had been lynched, another killed by a sheriff's gun, and the third seriously wounded.

While he lived, Moore had won little renown. He had been a school principal until 1939 when he lost his job as the result of a trial suit which sought to achieve equal pay for Negro teachers. Since then his main activity was NAACP which he served successively as state chairman and state executive secretary. When he died the 3,000-member state group, which collects dues of $2 year, owed him a good part of his last year's salary of $3,000 a year. He had not been an exciting public speaker, but he had tirelessly driven around the state, speaking to church groups and teachers. In his reports to headquarters he told in matter-of-fact vein of collecting $7 from one congregation, $8 from another or of signing up three or four new members in a town. Organizing in Florida's rural areas, "behind the Iron Curtain," as one NAACP official put it, "where you take your life into your hands to belong to an organization like this." Moore had actually succeeded in increasing Florida membership slightly in 1951, despite the tense situation.

Moore's death, unconnected with any alleged deed on his part, is unique in that it is the first murder of an NAACP official in the organization's 42-year history. The slovenly nature of Florida law enforcement has not yet revealed what segment of the lunatic fringe that has also recently sought to bomb Jewish and Catholic churches is responsible for Moore's murder. But Klan-planned or not, the act seems a hysterical measure of desperation to frighten Negroes from claiming their political and social rights. Moore had been responsible for getting Negroes to vote. The Progressive Voters' League, which he helped to found in 1946, was instrumental in getting Negroes admitted to the Democratic primaries. In 1948, the League supported Harry Truman and his civil-rights program. Since then it has been seeking support for a state-anti-lynching bill and has received favorable response from some white candidates. Slowly but surely, in the 20 years that Harry Moore worked in the NAACP, the Negro has been moving toward equality in Florida. His murderers must be given proof of this in court.

YOUR DOLLAR'S WORTH

An invaluable guide to the best buys behind the meat counter has been compiled by the Public Affairs Institute. Forty kinds of meat, poultry and fish are itemized by the Institute to show the cost of the product in relation to its protein content. PAI points out that pork liver at 39 cents a pound has far more protein content than rib lamb chops at $1.19 a pound. Smoked beef tongue rates higher than sirloin or porterhouse steak.

Fish is the best buy for the economy-minded housewife, PAI says. One pound of salmon, frozen haddock or cod fillets—all under 59 cents a pound—top the list for protein content. Veal cutlets, sirloin steak, calves liver, round-steak and rib lamb chops—all over $1 a pound—are as low in protein as they are high in price.

DESERT COMPROMISES

Through the curious processes of power politics, Lybia, the poverty-stricken African territory which was last on the real-estate list during the colony-grabbing boom at the turn of the century, has now become the first country to be elevated to statehood under the auspices of the United Nations. The decision to make Lybia sovereign came less from trust in the political maturity of its population, which was afforded almost no education under Italian rule, than from the impossibility of reconciling the claims of the big powers. For among the countries interested were not only Britain and France, which had exercised temporary trusteeship functions since 1945, but also Russia, which wanted to share in the trusteeship, Italy, which had strong economic ties with its former colony, and Egypt, which would like to make Lybia part of itas envisioned Moslem empire.

As it stands now, Lybia, though formally a constitutional monarchy under King Amir Mohammed Idris, will depend on Britain, and indirectly on the United States, to balance her finances and guard her independence. With an average annual income of $30 per capita, no natural resources, and, except for a few Italian olive and citrus plantations, a primitive agriculture, Lybia's dependence on the West will be almost complete. Her voice in international affairs will make Paraguay's seem like a loudspeaker.

But the new government also faces plenty of internal political trouble. This arises from the fact that Lybia is really an artificial union of three distinct territories—Tripolitania in the West, Cyrenaica in the East, and the Fezzan, a sparsely populated area on the South. King Idris is a Senussi tribal chief from Cyrenaica, who won the job through political aggressiveness of his people and British backing. The Tripolitanians, who make up two-thirds of the popula-

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tion, are not happy about this, or about the country's federal constitution which will prevent their throwing their full weight around. The pro-Western Tripolitanian officials have already had plenty of trouble with nationalist elements which have caught the prevailing fevers. In December, 1950, a planned rally in celebration of the new constitution turned into a hostile riot, and on a subsequent visit the King was greeted by assassination threats. Country-wide elections on February 22 will show whether hostilities will simmer or become part of the general Moslem conflagration.

THE PRICE OF JUSTICE

PITTSBURGH, PA. (NR Corresp.)

In Pittsburgh, last January, Marjorie Matson picked up her newspaper and learned that, according to the Attorney General, she was too radical to work in the District Attorney's office any longer. She had been Assistant District Attorney since 1948, Assistant County Solicitor for the seven years previous.

The District Attorney refused to fire Mrs. Matson without more proof than the Attorney General had to offer, granting her instead a leave of absence to fight the accusation.

Former Attorney General Charles J. Margiotti, in true kangaroo fashion, felt that since he had issued the charges, he should be the one to hold a hearing on them. An injunction was obtained against this procedure, and a committee of five attorneys was selected to pass on Mrs. Matson's fitness.

The committee heard testimony presented by the Attorney General's office attesting to the radical associations of Marjorie Matson, including that of one witness who called himself a private eye. Full of information, this witness "spilled" everything, even some tricks of the trade (the cigarette trick: when you're shadowing someone, you duck into a doorway to light a cigarette—that's the cigarette trick). He described the seams on the stockings of the woman he followed, her figure and the color of her dress and accessories, but was rather fuzzy on such details as the color of her hair, eyes or complexion. He nevertheless was certain this woman was Mrs. Matson, whom he had never met, dining with the attorney defending local Communists!

The five attorneys—all Republicans—concluded that Mrs. Matson *was* fit for public office, that she had no sinister motives in attending trials involving Communists, in being introduced to their attorneys, or in writing letters on unpopular issues. The committee suggested that she be more careful and discreet in her devotion to civil liberties, but that conviction of unfitness to hold office on these grounds "does not seem to be consonant with American standards of justice."

Mrs. Matson, upon reinstatement, described the price that had been exacted for her interest in civil liberties. During the 11 months before she was cleared, her 10 year old daughter was taunted by classmates, her husband suffered embarrassment in his work, and some friends decided it was no longer advisable to be seen with her at luncheon or social gatherings. She lost some clients, plus her salary as Assistant DA, and was forced to spend thousands of dollars, much of it borrowed, to defend herself in court. Mrs. Matson said she would consider the price she paid not too high "if it tends to deter one unscrupulous public official from false denunciation for political purposes."

The Pittsburgh *Post-Gazette* said, "One cannot applaud the victory of principle without at the same time deploring the injustices worked upon the victor.

In another civil liberties case, recently reported by the *NR*, the Supreme Court of Pennsylvania, by a vote of four to two, ordered a new trial for Harry Truitt Jr., New Kensington dentist serving a term in the Allegheny County workhouse for assault and battery. The charge arose out of Dr. Truitt's attempt to use his own telephone at the same time the local police captain, in his house without a warrant, wished to put in a call to headquarters. In the ensuing contest, the police captain's wrist was injured. At the trial it was learned that Truitt associated with the Progressive Party, the International Workers Order and Negroes. He was found guilty, sentenced to four years.

The Supreme Court opinion reversing the lower court had this to say of the conduct of the trial, "Passion and prejudice ran riot through its entire course. . . . Not content with the creation of prejudice against the defendants which was bound to result from the injection into the trial of these insinuations of Communist affiliations (charges which as Mr. Justice Allen W. Stearne points out, were not proved) the Commonwealth next proceeded to bring the race question into the case. . . . The trial judge . . . in his charge to the jury, repeated in detail all this objectionable evidence."

As Chief Justice James D. Drew remarked during the hearing, "In all my experience I have never seen such rank injustice." Harry Truitt has been in the workhouse since last March.

RANSOM AND REASON

The Hungarian demand that the United States Government pay a $120,000 fine for the four American flyers downed in Hungarian territory was an obvious exercise in bravado, and we have acted wisely in not countering with further provocation. The berating which the President has received for paying the ransom price indicates the shocking length to which his opponents will go to make political capital. Had Truman decided not to pay the fines, just as many politicians would surely have cried murder.

Legally, Hungary had a fragile leg to stand on. The 1944 Civil Aviation Convention, to which Hungary has not subscribed but which is the recognized law in the field, specifies that military aircraft may not fly over foreign territory without permission. Usually "invaded" countries simply send stray aircraft home. But Hungary apparently felt impelled to show her own people that she was not afraid of the US. More specifically, she may have wanted to show native anti-Communists that if the US would not take strong action to help its own nationals it would certainly not risk war to help a possible anti-Communist uprising.

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Outside America

XENOPHOBIA IN BRITAIN

The Western Europeans are well aware that many—perhaps even most—Americans are losing patience with the reticences and reluctances that still act as drags on the Europeans' playing their full—or at least fair—part in the formation of a workable Atlantic Community. The American Congressmen who attended the Strasbourg meetings of the Council of Europe pulled no punches. They said plainly that they were deeply disappointed. The best of the Europeans—that is, the best friends of America and the worst enemies of neutralism—talked only about the difficulties of forging European unity; they offered few hints about what they intended—or even hoped—to do to find solutions.

One single example may perhaps suggest how—and also why—the Europeans' awareness of American displeasure, and of the unpleasant form its consequences might conceivably take, have little effect in changing European attitudes.

Western Europe badly needs coal. Progress in carrying out the Atlantic rearmament programs demands an increase in the supply of coal. So does industrial production not only for military preparedness but also for peacetime consumers' use. Unless the supply of coal is increased, prices, already high, will become prohibitive for house-heating purposes.

Great Britain has mines that might produce more coal, hence lighten the burden of austerity at home, help France and Western Europe in general. But Britain has a shortage of men trained to work in the mines. Italy has an excess of such men. They are willing, indeed eager, to work in Britain on a temporary basis. Some Italian miners have been sent to Britain—only a small fraction of those who want to go and are needed. Both the British and the Italian governments favor a system of importing Italian miners for temporary work.

The British miners are in no sense anti-Atlanticist, anti-European-security, or pro-Communist. There are fewer neutralists among them than among workers in France and Italy. They share with most Britons of all occupations support for the end-purposes of the system of temporary work by Italian miners in their country—from the international goal of rearmament for collective security and freedom to the various specifically British national and local goals of improvement and domestic economy.

The system of importing temporary Italian miners imposes, in practice, the strictest controls on the immigrants. There is no chance whatsoever of the Italians harming—or even influencing in any noticeable way—the British way of life, or the British men and women among whom they work and live. It is, therefore, a nearly fool-proof economic device. Yet only a fraction of the Italian workers already in Great Britain are working. The British miners do not want them to work, and thanks to their opposition, many of the Italians are kept idle in camps. The British miners are also dead set against bringing in any more Italians. And the opposition is not only confined to the British miners. Large sections of the general public as a whole also object, and very strongly, to the system.

The real reason is not that the presence of the Italians hurts the British miners—in the labor-union pattern—or that it hurts any other part of the population. Nor is it merely that certain deep resentments against Italy and Italians remain from the past, though in so far as Fascist Italy fought in the war, it was largely against the British in North Africa. Many Britons were killed by Italians there and in Italy, and besides, the Fascists were guilty of cruelties to British prisoners.

It is the present, not the past, that counts; and the real reason for the British attitude of opposition to the system is that the British simply do not want Italians—or any other foreigners—working or living close to them. This fact—a matter almost entirely in the realm of unreasoning feeling—is, or seems to be, enough to outweigh all the reasonable benefits of the system.

To criticize the attitude as nationalistic, blind, prejudiced, wicked, foolish, is not to change it or to remove its effects. Moreover, such criticism vaults over the fact that the change for the worst in Britain's world position has made Britons fight harder — unconsciously and emotionally, if not politically and openly —for their homes as their castles, and their homeland as the tight little island.

The attitude of the British people toward the Italian workers may seem a small matter in the scale of the great material problems of forging European co-operation and unity. It is quite different from the attitude of the great French textile magnates who—for their selfish material purposes—have made a dead letter of the Franco-Italian customs agreement; or from other equally selfishly and materially motivated efforts to undermine the Schuman Plan and the European Army.

But, psychologically, it throws a bit of light on the unavowed sources of some of the reluctances and reticences which the American Congressmen at Strasbourg could neither understand nor accept. During the war, the British accepted many kinds of foreigners on their soil as fellow-workers and fellow-fighters. They took them into their homes. If they do not do so now, it may be because they do not feel an equal urgency in the threat to their castled home and tight little island.

Political history may explain why the British, despite their attitude toward the Italians, do not understand or accept the blind, passionate desire of the Middle Eastern peoples to drive out the British, and indeed all foreigners. But perhaps social scientists may some day explain clearly why the Americans (especially in Southern California) tend to be joiners, while the British, the French and other Western Europeans tend to rebel psychologically against joining even when their material interests are well served.

Paris PERCY WINNER

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REFLECTIONS ON MANIFEST DESTINY

by T. R. Fyvel

ANYONE who has followed British political argument over the last 20 years must at times catch a strangely familiar note in the views on foreign affairs expressed in America today. This note is a plaintive one; it derives from the fact that the United States is today faced with foreign problems where no immediate obvious and just solution is in sight.

To the British this has become a familiar situation, outstanding recent examples being the problems of deciding on respective Hindu and Moslem claims in India, or Zionist and Arab claims in Palestine. *Then* the Americans were able to give advice from the sidelines in clear-cut and absolute terms. But today—how swiftly history advances at present!—the situation faces the Americans themselves. To many the Persian Government's decision to end the exploitation of Persia's oil assets by the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company seemed a gesture in the best tradition of anti-colonialism, and therefore worthy of support. Yet against this basic Persian moral case, the British were putting forward *their* arguments, secondary arguments, perhaps, but persuasive none the less. First, that they were perfectly willing to offer the Persians the same arrangement of a fifty-fifty profit-sharing basis which the American oil companies themselves had offered other Middle-Eastern states. Secondly, had not Britain acted correctly in taking the case to the Hague Court of International Justice? Again, the Americans were asked to take a close look at the wealthy and corrupt Persian ruling class, as fearful of its own demonstrators and hired gunmen as of the Communist Tudeh Party lurking in the background: surely it was a gross mistake to regard Mossadegh and Company as a bunch of Jeffersons and Hamiltons? So what was to be done? The dilemma was genuine—and complex.

The same can be said of the present Egyptian crisis. The Egyptian case for British military evacuation of the Suez Canal Zone was, again, a case Americans could readily understand. Yet this time there were probably few illusions about the character of King Farouk's government or Egyptian ability to defend the Canal or anything else. Nor could the United States Administration at this juncture be expected to support a move which would disrupt the defense system of the British Commonwealth. Yet this failure to support Egypt has already brought the US the ill-will of the Egyptian nationalists. The same difficulty is repeated elsewhere. In North Africa, for instance, American policy seems to be most precariously balanced between the alternatives of offending either Arab nationalists or a French public opinion which the Communists have already swung in a sufficiently anti-American direction. Faced with these dilemmas, Washington has made its choice, though probably rather unhappily. As one American liberal friend remarked to me sorrowfully: "I don't know what to make of it. Circumstances have compelled us in the Middle East to support exactly those imperial policies which we have fundamentally condemned all these years!"

An understandable sentiment, perhaps, yet I think one which fails to grasp the fundamental American situation of today. The dilemmas are not confined to so-called colonial problems. American economic aid to Greece, for instance, appears to have been applied in a particularly wasteful way. Should American administrators therefore intervene directly to correct this misuse, thus interfering with the sacred rights of Greek national sovereignty and democracy, as Communist propaganda in any case claims the United States is doing already? Or take the lack of progress in European federation and the creation of a European army. Should the United States ruthlessly use its power to push the European states toward a greater degree of co-operation, or acquiesce in uneasy patchwork solutions for fear of wounding European national susceptibles?

The problems multiply, and my personal impression is that the fundamental situation behind is still not faced by many Americans. And yet, it is a simple one, to be summed up in two brief sentences: first, that the American Empire has already arrived, and secondly that the imperial role (as the British by today know well) is often a thankless one. Of the arrival of the American Empire there can surely no longer be any doubt. Like its British predecessor, it may have been created in a fit of absentmindedness, in spite of all the attention of the vast chorus of American political commentators. Its shape may be novel and unfamiliar, expressed in terms of Technical Co-operation Administration missions or Averell Harriman's flying emissaries instead of British viceroys or French high commissioners, yet its imperial character is unmistakable.

Imperial responsibility is not as simple as many Americans believed. It has meant not only taking a stand against the aggressive designs of Hitler's and Stalin's dictatorships, that is, following up the *Pax Britannica*

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with a *Pax Americana.* It has also meant sending American boys to fight and die in holding the imperial frontier in far-off Korea. It has meant leadership and a certain amount of bullying at the UN; it has meant high taxation and economic aid to governments whose citizens often show little gratitude; has meant official propaganda for the American way of life to go together with American exports of automobiles and Hollywood films and Coca-Cola and comic strips. It has meant facing many inevitable resentments abroad; it has meant many unpleasant things. Yet, surely there is no longer any point in debating America's Manifest Destiny in terms of the future. However hard it is for many Americans to realize it, this inescapable Destiny is already here.

One can readily see why Americans should rebel against the idea of the inescapability of this Destiny. The American mind appears still decisively affected by the outlook of those men and women who turned their backs on the Old World to escape from its nightmares of irrational frontiers and national jealousies and permanent military conscription. Traveling through America, one feels that the symbol of ordinary American life is the corner drugstore. Surely, so the prevailing feeling runs, this is the norm, this is the place where American boys should be and enjoy their lives, and not fighting and dying on the icy Korean hills. And yet, it is important to realize that Korea has also become the norm. The position of the United States today bears some rough resemblance to the British position after 1900 when Britain faced the imperial German challenge which, whatever one thought or hoped, could not be talked away. Similarly, in facing the challenge of a hostile Soviet Union and of World Communism, and if the appalling prospect of atomic war is to be avoided, the American people may have to endure a long period of armed preparation. If Americans want the corner drugstore to be safe, it may be necessary for them to keep a number of legions permanently guarding the frontiers of the Empire, perhaps for an indefinite period.

Not a pleasant task, and its unclear, indefinite nature certainly runs counter to American tradition. The American character, as the history books tell us found its shape in the task of subduing a vast and savage continent. The typical American response was a new vigorous mental attitude which regarded any problem, however large, as something to be tackled and overcome. To sit tight, perpetually on guard, to use self-restraint in dealing with the affairs of the untidy two-thirds of the world which fall within the new American imperial sphere, to suffer the diverse mental processes of foreign nations with patience, to suffer insults and opposition and apparent ingratitude——all this demands an attitude which is quite new to almost every American citizen.

What strikes any observer, in addition, is the American desire for a moral case, and the desire to be liked. Again, this is easy to understand. Americans were shocked when sections of foreign opinion greeted MacArthur's defeat in Korea with something like the wry pleasure evoked by Britain's initial defeats in the Boer War half a century earlier. They are plainly bewildered that Marshall Aid should have produced so little gratitude. Yet all the points raised here lead back to the basic issue, that it is an urgent task of any American administration to educate American public opinion to a realization of the revolutionary change which the brief decade since Pearl Harbor has effected in their position.

This *is* the American Century. The fact cannot be changed. It is equally the century of the common man, largely brought about by those media of mass communication which Americans did more than any one else to develop. The common man is today found not only on the assembly line, or at the American drugstore or the British four-ale bar; it is he who is demonstrating in the streets of Cairo or Teheran, or being indoctrinated in Communist China. The task of preserving this common man over two-thirds of the globe from falling under Communist sway is one which cannot be separated from that of running his affairs to a greater or lesser degree. No doubt it is an imperial task which must involve the United States in expense of manpower and wealth—and also in unpopularity, sometimes in unexpected quarters. Yet can this be helped? As long as Hollywood, for example, continues its export drive, European film makers will regard it as the opposition, and European intellectuals will sneer at Hollywood values, not without cause. Or again, while Coca-Cola is being advertised all over France, the French wine industry will naturally join the French anti-American chorus. Such facts may be unpleasant, yet they are only aspects of the American imperial position, and as such not to be bemoaned, as some American observers tend to do, but to be studied, evaluated and coped with—if possible. It is quite true that acceptance of the American position faces the American nation with many new demands: for troops to man far-flung imperial frontiers, for American technicians willing to live abroad for more than a few months, for a genuine understanding—it's about time—of "Point Four," for a new class trained for foreign service—analogous, in the changed circumstances of today, to the British imperial administrative class of two generations ago. Not an easy nor perhaps an attractive prospect for an isolationist nation. Yet can American Manifest Destiny be ignored——now that it is already here? For the world, this is a crucial question.

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1951

by

Fitzpatrick and *Herblock*

The night Vishinsky couldn't sleep for laughing

Fitzpatrick in the St. Louis *Post Dispatch*

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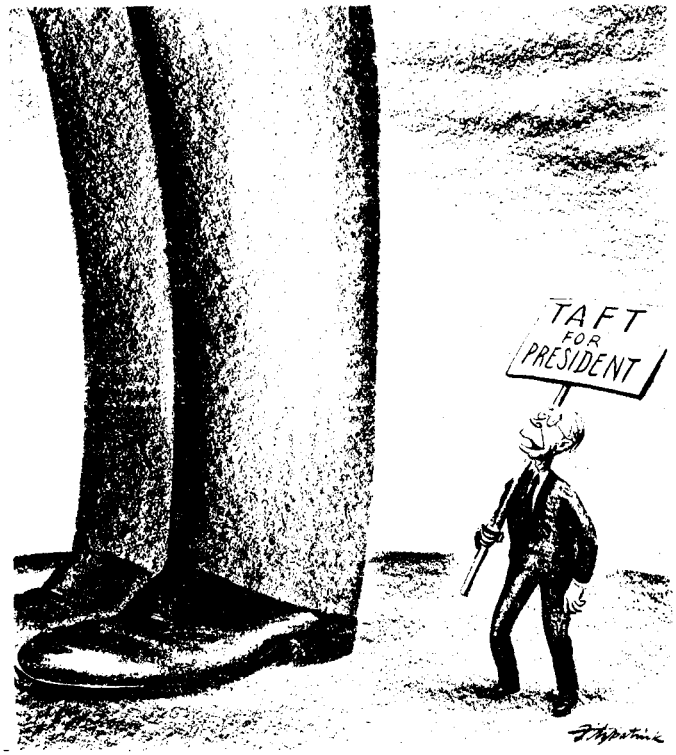
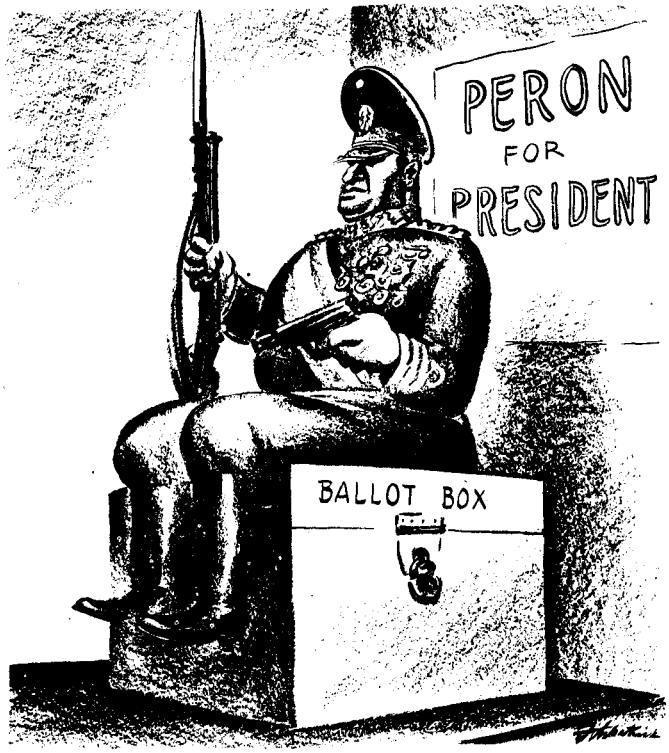
Dangerous detour



Now if that fellow runs

"Mink is for peasants"



State of election emergency

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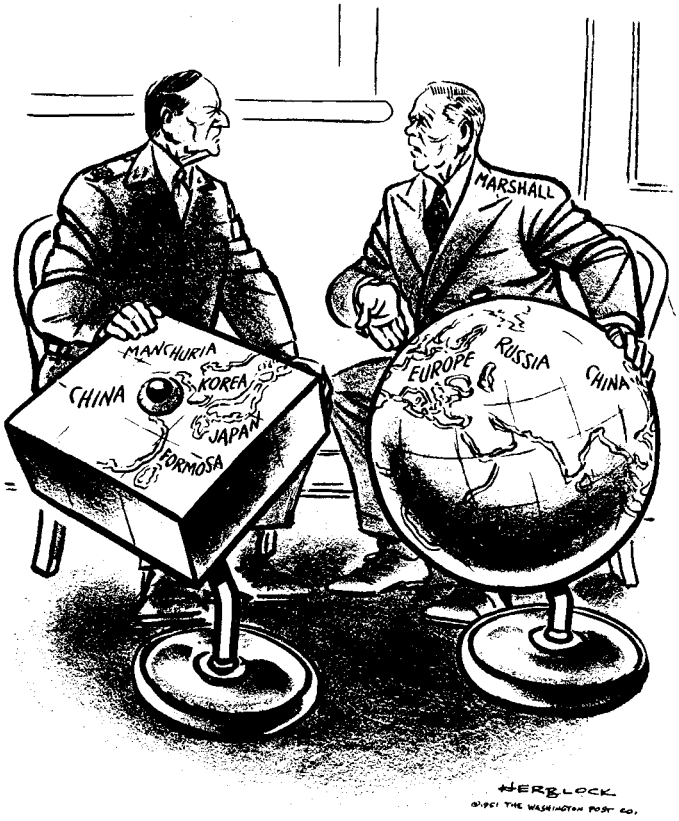

"We've been using more of a roundish one"

"Always happy to take the word of a lady"

Bipartisan slum

Number-one boy

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WHAT ELLEN KNAUFF WON

by Jean Begeman

IT TOOK one young German-born war bride three years to earn the right to live in America. In the course of her struggle she has helped secure the rights of all Americans, threatened by evidence based on rumor and hearsay.

Ellen Knauff, it will be remembered, arrived in this country in August, 1948, and applied for admission to the United States for permanent residence under the War Brides Act. The application was denied on the ground that her admission would be prejudicial to the best interest of the US. Twice in 1949, the Supreme Court upheld the power of the Attorney General to exclude her without a hearing "on the basis of information of a confidential nature, the disclosure of which would be prejudicial to the public interest."

Mrs. Knauff spent two years on Ellis Island. The St. Louis *Post-Dispatch*, which first threw the spotlight on her case, and a few courageous members of Congress pressed for the government's presentation of charges against her. Finally on March 19, 1951, Attorney General Howard McGrath ordered that she be accorded a hearing before a Board of Special Inquiry, stating that certain parts of the original "confidential" information could now be disclosed. She learned that the charge against her was that while she was employed by the American Military Government at Frankfurt, Germany, in 1947 and 1948, she transmitted to the Czechoslovak Military Liaison Mission confidential and secret information acquired through her employment. The government had three principal witnesses: Miss Anna Lavickova, a typist and telephone operator at the Czech Mission; Maj. Vaclav Victor Kadane, Chief of the Mission; and Capt. William C. Hacker, a US Intelligence Officer in Frankfurt.

Miss Lavickova testified that she had seen Mrs. Knauff, then Ellen Boxhornova, at the Czech Mission two or three times. Major Kadane testified that he received intelligence reports and that he saw several reports attributed to the code name of "Kobyla" which was "revealed" to him to mean the name "Boxhornova"; however, he admitted that he had no personal knowledge of any espionage work done by Mrs. Knauff. Captain Hacker admitted that he knew "absolutely nothing" of his own personal knowledge concerning the alleged intelligence activities of Mrs. Knauff.

When Mrs. Knauff's counsel repeatedly objected to the testimony of the government's three witnesses on the ground that it was "hearsay," the chairman of the Board of Special Inquiry responded: "The Board will make its own determination as to what facts are permissible. You must know the Board is not bound by the rules of evidence." The chairman was referring to the *Consolidated Edison Company of N. Y.* v. *National Labor Relations Board* case in 1938, in which the Supreme Court declared that the technical rules of evidence applied by the courts are not applicable to administrative hearings. The Board of Special Inquiry chose to take the government's witnesses at their word and found Mrs. Knauff to be inadmissible. The Board stated flatly: "There is ample evidence to sustain a finding that, once having gained access to this country, in the light of . . . an earlier betrayal of her trust, she would be . . . likely to engage in activities subversive to the national security."

The stiff-necked hearing, climaxed by the Board's swift verdict of "guilty," meant immediate deportation of Mrs. Knauff. A last-minute stay by Supreme Court Justice Robert Jackson which reached Mrs. Knauff as she boarded a transoceanic plane made it possible for her to remain to clear the charges against her.

Mrs. Knauff, whose previous record included impressive service as a Red Cross nurse in England in 1943 and a four-year stint with the Woman's Voluntary Air Force prior to her AMG job in Germany, took her case to the Justice Department's Board of Immigration Appeals. The new Board wasted no time getting to the crux of the issue: whether or not specific evidence offered by the government was "hearsay" and whether or not the evidence, if hearsay, was admissible. By definition, the Board said:

> Evidence is called "hearsay" when its probative force depends in whole or in part, on the competency and credibility of some person other than the witness who produces it. The courts will not receive as evidence the testimony of a witness as to what some other person told him. . . . There are, of course, several kinds of hearsay. One, where the evidence offered consists of a statement purporting to be based on the declarant's own knowledge, but is unsworn. Two, a sworn statement as to matters known to the declarant through hearsay. The statements of Kadane, Lavickova and Hacker fall under the second classification. Since their testimony was hearsay in nature, was it admissible?

Thomas G. Finucane, chairman of the Appeals Board, pointed out in the report that cases granting administrative agencies greater latitude in accepting evidence "make

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it quite clear that hearsay is still hearsay whether it is introduced into a court or before an administrative agency." Such cases have been widely misinterpreted by administrative boards and commissions. The Supreme Court, carefully weighed the traditional rules of evidence in relation to administrative hearings:

> The obvious purpose of this and similar provisions is to free administrative boards from the compulsion of technical rules so that the mere admissions of matter which would be deemed incompetent in judicial proceedings would not invalidate the administrative order. . . .
>
> But this assurance of a desirable flexibility in administrative procedure does not go so far as to justify orders without a basis in evidence having rational probative force. *Mere uncorroborated hearsay or rumor does not constitute substantial evidence.* . . . Substantial evidence is more than a mere scintilla. It means such relevant evidence as a reasonable mind might accept as adequate to support a conclusion.

Did the Immigration Service have more than uncorroborated hearsay to establish that Mrs. Knauff transmitted confidential and secret information to the Czech Mission? The Appeals Board found that it did not. Miss Lavickova's testimony established the fact that Mrs. Knauff called at the Mission and was in Colonel Podhora's office, facts readily admitted by Mrs. Knauff who said she visited the Mission to have an old passport extended and later cancelled and to obtain a new one. Her passport was signed by Colonel Podhora. "Thus the inference attempted to be drawn from Mrs. Knauff's visits to Colonel Podhora is entirely dispelled," said the Appeals Board. "In no way does this witness's testimony link Mrs. Knauff with espionage activities." Similarly, Major Kadane was unable to give direct evidence that Mrs. Knauff was a spy. The Board could find no way of evaluating the statement that "Kobyla" is "Boxhornova," nor could it prove that any information was passed from Mrs. Knauff to Kadane. (He categorically testified that she never gave him intelligence information and that he has no personal knowledge of any espionage work done by Mrs. Knauff.)

The Appeals Board ruled that the record lacks substantial evidence to support the finding that Mrs. Knauff engaged in espionage activities; that "there is not the faintest thread of traditional party-line thinking or Marxist philosophy apparent in her background"; that an adequate premise has not been established to warrant the inference that if admitted to the US she would be likely to engage in subversive activities.

During the same week that the Attorney General approved the admittance of Mrs. Knauff, the Supreme Court handed down a ruling which further emphasized the need to weigh evidence, "hearsay" or otherwise. Unlike the Knauff case, the issue before the Court involved persons who give the Federal Bureau of Investigation false information with a "malicious intent." The Court ruled that they could be sued for libel.

Such actions are hopeful signs of calmer times. Chief Justice Hughes, in *Morgan* v. *US*, gave the public official who is a trier of facts and a conductor of hearings, this simple set of principles: "There must be a full hearing. There must be evidence adequate to support pertinent and necessary findings of fact. Nothing can be treated as evidence which is not introduced as such."

GETTING TOGETHER AT BELGRADE

by Gilbert Harrison

PERHAPS the most effective strategic weapon for strengthening Soviet power outside the Soviet Union during the past several years has been the campaign of the Cominform to corner the market on propaganda for peace. This Cominform monopoly, never absolute, has begun to have serious competition. Two recent "peoples" conferences, both held in Yugoslavia within the same month, are evidence of the new rivalry.

The first of these international meetings, held last October in Zagreb under the auspices of the Yugoslav National Committee for the Defense of Peace, drafted a platform which, while neither Western fish nor Moscow fowl, did demonstrate that many left-leaning people in the world don't trust the Russian peace package and are searching for a more dependable brand.

The second of these world conferences, recently concluded in Belgrade, was by far the more important. It was the second annual convention of the World Veterans Federation.

The rapidity with which this ex-servicemen's Federation has grown has been remarkable. At its formation one year ago in Paris the WVF united veterans' organizations of Belgium, France, Italy, Turkey and the US. Today, in addition to the founding six, it represents organizations from Canada, Denmark, Greece, Holland, Israel, Luxembourg, Norway and the Philippines. It has also taken into membership the International Con-

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federation of War Prisoners with its million and a half members in several European countries. The WVF delegates at Belgrade had behind them, therefore, the weight of over 14 million ex-servicemen belonging to 29 organizations from 14 nations.

No fraternity, even of former fighters, makes a man forget where he comes from and where he must return. Thus, although within the WVF there is a unanimous sense of danger, unanimity on the nature of the danger or on exact strategy for overcoming it is not easily reached among men from, let us say, Yugoslavia, Israel, France and Nigeria. In voting against a Yugoslav resolution designating the Soviet Union as the principal menace to peace, for example, the delegate from Israel pointed out that while the USSR is undoubtedly menacing, the menace to *Israel* comes from another direction.

To American delegates at Belgrade, the suggestion that peace must be defended against twin and triple dangers might have sounded fantastic, since for many Americans the matter is settled once the Soviet Union has been accused. One could interpret French or Italian reluctance to follow the lead of the leading world power as "neutralist" confusion or cowardice. But to accept such a simple interpretation, as American participants in the WVF discovered, is to widen unnecessarily cleavages within the non-Soviet world. Skepticism about the dependability or high purposes of American "capitalism" may not be justified by the facts, but particularly to those raised on some form of socialist doctrine the doubts are real; they explain some of the policy differences apparent in Belgrade debates. A motion critical of the Soviet Union's war-like actions, though finally adopted, was opposed by the veterans of France, Italy, Belgium, Israel and Luxembourg.

A glance at differences in age between the world's veteran leaders gives another clue to differences in attitude. Ex-soldier movements of France, Italy and Belgium are directed by World War I *anciens combattants*. The French-led Prisoner of War Confederation, on the other hand, is World War II. The former are at their best at ceremonies honoring the memory of the war dead. The latter are eager to come to grips with practical, political problems.

In spite of these differences, the WVF has created a united front. Although there was eloquent French and Belgian objection in committee, a joint American resolution against colonialism (supported by the AVC, Amvets, the Blinded Veterans Association and the Disabled American Veterans) was ultimately approved unanimously by the Belgrade assembly. A resolution endorsing the current Three-Power proposal for a UN arms census as a prelude to controlled disarmament and the establishment of a powerful UN police force was accepted without dissent.

But the long-range value of the WVF convention can be judged less by resolutions than by programs of action established by the Belgrade delegates. . . .

On the remedial side, the Federation plans worldwide aid for disabled veterans in countries which lack adequate rehabilitation facilities. In co-operation with specialized agencies of the UN, the WVF proposes to promote "the exchange of scientific and technical experience and personnel in the field of rehabilitation, therapy and prosthetics, the allocation of scholarships for the training of personnel, and the advancement of national industries for orthopedic aids." Special attention is to be given "to the needs of those disabled under the banner of the United Command."

The other side of the Federation coin was described by its able Secretary-General, Elliott Newcomb of the US, in his statement that "we are not only determined to assist those disabled by wars, but to do everything in our power to prevent the disabling of millions of men and women and children through a new world war."

Acting on Newcomb's recommendation delegates ordered the immediate establishment of a WVF Commission for the Defense of Peace whose members, selected from veteran leaders in nations affiliated with the Federation, will tour "danger areas." They will confer with fellow-veterans, journalists, governmental and non-governmental leaders on causes of tensions; at the same time they will publicize the pro-Western policies of the WVF.

It remains to be seen whether this Commission will be admitted to both sides of the frontiers dividing Yugoslavia from neighboring states. Officers of the WVF feel that it will prove hard for any nation which has pinned a peace badge on its coat to refuse entry to fact-finders who themselves were victims of war.

A final comment should be made on one of the lessons the WVF learned again in Belgrade. Above and beyond the loyalty of veterans to one another simply because they are veterans, above alliances such as the one which has come into being in the WVF between Americans and Yugoslavs, above partiality for policies of particular nations at particular times, there exists in every group affiliated a powerful sympathy for the United Nations.

Those who believe that the UN has ceased to be a rallying point should carefully study not only the resolutions of the WVF but the discussions which went into framing them. There were disagreements in Belgrade and there will be others as the WVF develops its program, but out of all these discussions emerges a unanimous resolve to support the UN as the single instrument at hand through which men honestly seeking "peace with freedom" might win their way.

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LIBERALISM: A CATHOLIC VIEW

WITH ALL the fear and hysteria now sweeping across the nation—when everything slightly left of center is politically suspect and subject for investigation—the time is ripe to re-examine the role of the Catholic in the American non-Communist liberal movements. The reaction which set in this past year—illustrated already by the election returns last fall, the current wave of loyalty-oath legislation in state legislatures and the hesitations of Congress on economic and military aid to the free nations of the world—has made it extremely difficult for the social-conscious Catholic to save face in polite company, let alone associate himself with legitimate liberal causes.

In view of such a shift in perspective, in which Americans (Catholics are no exception) speak more in terms of survival than of creating a truly democratic world—motivated by a hysteria which Mannheim once said always reflects a lack of control of a particular situation—Catholics find themselves losing sight of the objectives involved in a Christian social order. Hence the need of the Catholic social conscience not only to restate the Christian mission to prepare the way for the incarnation of Christ in our social and political structures, but also to clear up the too often misunderstood relationship of Catholics to nonsectarian liberal movements.

Although my liberal friends wince when I say it, Catholics are, in my opinion, the really authentic liberals in the sense that if they are faithful to their credo, they must of necessity be something more than humanitarians. As a Catholic, I do not believe that any liberal grouping, no matter how non-dogmatic it may pretend to be, can present a valid form of social or political reform unless it first of all posit at the very beginning of history a God and unless it work out its dialectic of social reform by placing at the very center of human history the fact of the Incarnation and Resurrection of Jesus Christ. Without these basic beliefs, the two principal planks of any liberal program—freedom and justice—are at best shaky. I say this with great respect for the good will and the generosity of non-Christian liberals.

Let me clarify by taking a look at the two ideas of freedom and justice, which are at stake in every issue in which the American liberal is interested almost by definition. Freedom and justice are precisely why Catholics can be found working side by side with other non-Communist liberals.

When Dr. Reinhold Niebuhr, prominent Protestant theologian, recently suggested that we shift our thinking from freedom to a free society, he gave all of us something to think about. But his suggestion, I think, has real value for the Christian conscience.

We Catholics, I must confess, have too often been guilty ourselves of giving mere intellectual assent—lip service—to freedom and justice as ideals of a Christian social order; but when it comes to declaring ourselves by word and deed on particular issues involving our ideals, we have lost courage.

In this light the American liberal movements—to their everlasting credit—perform their service Not only are they ever vigilant to locate the precise issues where freedom and justice are in jeopardy, but they have set up machinery through which citizens can act in an organized manner. This seems to be the precise reason why Catholics, as all other citizens, dare not be absent from them.

Perhaps because many of us are still on the defensive against the Protestant idea of liberty, we Catholics have never seemed to become too excited about freedom, certainly not like the Anti-Defamation League, for example, although we have been articulate on questions of justice. And yet are not justice and freedom two sides of the same shield? Certainly a just distribution of wealth will not *ipso facto* result in a Christian social order. Just because of this, our concern from a Christian point of view does not stop with an anxiety for any objective arrangement of the goods of the earth, which is the domain of justice, but it also includes an anxiety for the effects of much distribution—whether in areas of housing, prices, wages, education, etc.—on the human person, which is the domain of freedom: How will a just distribution help man grow and develop fully as a person? How will it provide for a full flowering of his personality? What kind of culture will develop around him? How will it lead him to his eternal destiny? A just society does not confer beatitude on man, nor does it guarantee him his beatitude, and questions of beatitude are our ultimate concern.

Here we come to grips with the fundamental difference between the Christian's participation in liberal causes and the non-Christian's participation. The non-Christian by definition is not concerned with the human person *as a man redeemed by Christ and* destined for an *eternal happiness with God with man as an "alter Christus."* It is at this point where the Catholic must affirm that a liberal movement which does not have at heart a Christian notion of man, a notion which takes into consideration the Incarnation and Resurrection of Jesus Christ, through Whom dignity was conferred on man, is not authentic. Hence, all social and political reforms, lacking any religious content, are shallow from a Christian point of view.

No one makes this point more clearly than Père Henri de Lubac S.J., contemporary Catholic theologian in France, in his classic work on the social nature of Catholicism, writes:

> The Christian more than all the others looks forward to the "new man." But he does not desire this "new man" on the earthly horizon for on that level he would be only a myth, since he cannot be what he must be if he is to remain new: completed, perfect man. If we want to renew our hope of the

(*Continued on page 23*)

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

THE UNBURNED LETTERS OF KATHERINE MANSFIELD

by Willard Thorp

FOR FIVE YEARS Middleton Murry was Katherine Mansfield's lover. (Her husband would not consent to a divorce.) For the last five years of her life they were man and wife, as they had longed to be. At times in these brief ten years they were as close as lovers have ever been; at times separated by gulfs of misunderstanding which even these letters, wholly expressive as they are, do not completely explain.

KATHERINE MANSFIELD'S LETTERS TO JOHN MIDDLETON MURRY: 1913-1922. Edited by John Middleton Murry (Knopf; $6.50).

In a letter written in December, 1917, Katherine Mansfield said: *Burn my letters.* If this was really injunctive, Murry has relentlessly ignored the command. He has nourished—or should one say "promoted"?—Katherine Mansfield's memory in volume after volume composed of what he might have burnt. And now he presents us with all her letters to him, having restored (so the publisher asserts) "all the passages omitted from the letters on their first appearance."

Does one have to argue whether the inclusion here of the intimacies of marriage (not recollected in tranquillity) constitutes, as reviewers used to say, a breach of taste? Hardly. The modern reader does not embarrass easily. Besides it is necessary to know how love and fury (for it was as strong as that on Katherine Mansfield's side, at times) racked this pair; they were important in their literary generation. Their torment, as well as their passion, was observed by their writing friends, who felt no compunction about using what they saw for their own fiction.

The expressiveness of these letters, fortunately, is at work on more features of Katherine Mansfield's life than the constant love affair. She held nothing back, not even her intense suffering, her fears, her dreams. She analyzed, usually with great clarity, sometimes with bitterness, the behavior and the writing of her lover and her friends. What we see, through her eyes, of D. H. Lawrence and Virginia Woolf belongs now to the history of their time. Her literary judgments are remarkable, especially during the year 1919-22, when Murry was editing the *Athenaeum*. Even her stray sentences on Yeats, Eliot and Pound possess a unique validity, for they were written before these men became legendary.

Even though Katherine Mansfield belonged to no school, these letters evoke a generation. We sense in them the fierce assertion of individual freedom and the refusal to compromise with Philistia which she shared with writers to whom she was in no other way allied. Those who, like her, matured as writers in those middle years, adhered to a faith which later generations of writers can hardly understand. I venture that no one has defined it better than she did in a letter written in October, 1920:

> I feel that only now do I really desire to be saved. I realize what salvation means and I long for it. Of course, I am not speaking as a Christian or about a personal God, but the feeling is . . . I believe (and VERY MUCH); help thou mine unbelief. But it's to myself I cry—to the spirit, the essence of me—that lives in Beauty.

Her strange adherence to the Gurdjieff community, which was soon to follow, is to be explained on three levels: she sought health for her body there and, with an equal ardor, purification for her soul; but this purification was, in her hope, to make Beauty more accessible.

There will be many, I imagine, who will find in these letters what delights them in Katherine Mansfield's stories: her impressionism, which scans a scene in a few sentences, missing nothing of its essence. In some ways the intensity with which she pours onto the page the life around her at Bandol or the "real Hell" of Monte Carlo strikes into the mind more sharply than the lovers' quarrels and raptures. These passages are often better than the stories simply because they are the strong, crude stuff from which the stories were composed.

Whatever one may think of Murry's immodesty in printing letters excluded from the earlier collection and of his restoring omitted passages, it is certain that much of the new material is important. One example may suffice. There are two superb paragraphs in a letter of November, 1919, in which Katherine Mansfield describes why she, having endured so much in the war years, cannot write with the coolness and detachment she observes in contemporary fiction. In the 1929 edition of the *Letters* the passage ended with this sentence: "They can advance and retreat, curtsey, caper to the most delicate airs they like, but I am bored to Hell by it." The nail has now been driven home: "Virginia [Woolf], *par exemple.*"

Murry has provided helpful prefatory comment at various stages in the correspondence and makes a number of useful identifications. Otherwise his editing is perfunctory. Allusions which only he can clear up are left obscure and there are many blanks or initials for names where the context shows that it would not be libelous or improper to fill them in. A correspondence of this size and importance should have an index if it is to be of use to the critic or historian of literature.

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MONEY, WOMEN AND GOD

MR. BELUNCLE, by V. S. Pritchett (Harcourt, Brace; $3.50).

I READ this rich, subtle, wonderfully funny novel twice before it occurred to me that its theme is a complicated variation of the old French crack about the gigolo and the thousand francs on the pillow. Pritchett's hero "had never been tempted by infidelity to his wife." Money; not Woman, was Mr. Beluncle's mistress. By his flamboyant, irresistible (to women and the reader) personality, his ability to talk "with the fever of a secret society," he had financially raped, among others, his mother, his sister and the widowed Mrs. Truslove, his partner in the Bulux furniture factory, before he discovered what he had always been doing: "getting money out of women." This "deathly piece of self-knowledge," acquired at the age of fifty, was soon followed by another discovery. On meeting a certain Mrs. Robinson and feeling "for the first time in his married life the demand of lust," Mr. Beluncle realized that he "had only to go to bed with her and she would be asking him for a safe investment for her £1,000."

Mr. Beluncle, however, was appalled at the very thought of going to bed with a woman, no matter what might lie on the pillow. He was a dresser, a businessman with Imagination, with Vision. Above all, he was a Puritan, a "religious expert" ever near to God. To Mr. Beluncle and his family—a nagging slattern of a wife and three father-struck sons—God had been everything from a Plymouth Brother to Mrs. Eddy (everything, that is, save a Roman Catholic or a Jew), the changes taking place according to which God happened to be "more in harmony with modern business." Recently, owing to the teachings of Mrs. Parkinson, God had changed—as from "gas to electric light"—to Mind. With Mind dominating the suburban home, Mr. Beluncle began to dream of "shooting boxes and residences, sporting acres and paddocks," in particular of a certain house called Marbella; for, according to Mrs. Parkinson's pragmatic religion ("in essence, an office religion, a way of finding the Almighty in the proper files"), the acquiring of wealth was a sign of Purification. Never had Mr. Beluncle found so convenient, so convincing a God.

Not everyone in Boystone, however, saw eye to eye with Lady Roads, leader of the local Parkinsonians. Among the dissenters was Henry Beluncle who, to his father's horror, had slipped from the Narrow Mind onto the flat chest of the station master's daughter; but more serious to the cause of Mind was the frightful eavesdropping evangelist Vogg, whose Witnesses, as bitter and unsuccessful as himself, prophesied the End of the World. It was after Vogg and his rat of an assistant Granger attempted to break up a meeting of the rival cult that something happened to Mrs. Truslove's invalid sister which split the Parkinson sect in two; it also threatened to put an end to those fortunes which, so Mr. Beluncle continued to tell himself, had all along "been subsidized by the infinite resources of the Divine Mind." No catastrophe, however, could deter Mr. Beluncle. On the brink of bankruptcy he was already planning to supply his factory with its one deficiency: a Board Room. Like *Time*, Mr. Beluncle Marched On.

For several years V. S. Pritchett has been generally recognized as the most brilliant English literary critic of his generation. He follows in the great tradition of Saintsbury, Gosse, MacCarthy and Squire, but he writes with greater vigor. Into all that he undertakes—whether in the form of criticism, fiction or his talks on the BBC's Third Program—he injects an infectious enthusiasm, a gusto exceedingly rare in so reflective and scholarly a mind. With the exception, perhaps, of Joyce Cary and Frank O'Connor, I can think of no other living author writing in English who so clearly imparts to the reader the enjoyment of his craft, the relish he takes in the act of creation. Nor can I think of anyone else who possesses that particular genius for expressing the ordinary in an extraordinary way. On every page of Pritchett's prose lies a hard little gem of pure invention. In the boisterous, highly comic character of Mr. Beluncle, as well as in the numerous men and women who surround him, all these qualities are revealed to the full. Nevertheless this novel is not without one serious flaw, and that a most unusual one in contemporary fiction: though long, it is too short. The story is not resolved; the epilogue I found unsatisfying. At the end the characters (and the reader) are left hanging in the air. *Mr. Beluncle* is so good, such marvelous comedy, it deserves, it cries out for a sequel. JAMES STERN

THE NEW ATHENS

THIS AMERICAN PEOPLE, by Gerald W. Johnson (Harper; $2.75).

"DEMOCRACY is a dangerous form of government. The United States of America is a democracy." These are the first two sentences in Gerald Johnson's new book, and they characterize his remaining sentences. For this is a short, clear book composed of short, clear sentences that deal with simple, clear and important political and moral ideas.

His chapter headings point up what he thinks we Americans might best remember if we are still concerned with the purposes that were once ours, though he wisely declines to assert that we are indeed still concerned. "Free Speech is for Bold People"; "Freedom of Conscience is for Reasonable People"; "Freedom of Inquiry is for Hopeful People"; "Freedom of Association is for Steady People"; "Free Enterprise is for Honest People"; "States' Rights are for Energetic People"; "Freedom of Opportunity is for Great People." He states quietly why frightened people cannot tolerate free speech; why unreasonable people cannot preserve freedom of conscience; why only those who hope, will insist on free inquiry.

He reminds us of Pericles' famous boast, that his Athens was "the school of Greece." And he speculates on whether we Americans are capable of making our country the school of nations today, or whether we shall choose instead violence and domination—whether we shall do what Athens did and convert the alliance we lead into an empire we control.

I have nowhere seen a more cogent statement of the price our frightened

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and flustered generation of Americans would have to pay to be readmitted to the Union. I can think of only one line of argument that I wish Johnson had pursued further. He is, on the one hand, convinced that the TVA had to be tackled by the federal government because no other agency, either state governments or business corporations, could do the job. That the TVA is "socialistic" does not disturb him. He is, on the other hand, convinced that the Marshall Plan and Point Four had to be tackled too, to get ruined economies on their feet. But he approves of them, as the Nelson Rockefeller Report to the President approved of them, because if we are to have allies in defending free government, those allies must not be too weak or too discouraged to fight.

I suggest that Point Four, viewed thus as an American problem, is insoluble; and that that is why the arms race has pushed it aside. To date, Point Four has been piddling. If it stops being piddling, but remains American, will it not be forced to become imperialist, whether we Americans want to imperialize or not?

The alternative is to admit that it is a UN problem, not a US problem, just as Johnson admits that the TVA was a US problem, not a mere Tennessee problem. If Washington admitted that, it would have to stop sabotaging a real UN effort. Yet Washington—and Moscow—have steadily sabotaged such an effort every time the underdeveloped countries have tried in the Economic and Social Council to set up the International Development Authority a hungry world demands. That leaves, as the sole bid to solve the problem, Moscow's offer of Communism, an offer we disapprove. I believe it follows from Johnson's brilliant analysis of the American political tradition that we should force our government to stop the sabotage. If we go on sabotaging the UN on the economic side, we shall have our war. That in turn should bring us either the coercive American empire we do not really want or the Russian Communist world we want even less.

STRINGFELLOW BARR

STEVENSON REHABILITATED

VOYAGE TO WINDWARD: THE LIFE OF ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON, by J. C. Furnas (William Sloane Associates; $5).

J. C. FURNAS' distinguished achievement is to have picked Robert Louis Stevenson out of the desuetude in which he has long languished for most readers and, founding his effort on a powerful but disciplined enthusiasm, to have written a book about him that makes Stevenson not only a credible human being but also a writer of far more importance than one would have conceded before reading the volume.

Stevenson, the legend used to go, wrote a perennially read boys' book called *Treasure Island*, a number of other novel-length stories nobody need bother about, some amusing nursery rhymes, and an assortment of essays considered "fine" by maiden aunts. The legend was reinforced by the RLS enthusiasm of the wrong kind of instructors in college English (who also admired James M. Barrie). It was vaguely recalled that somebody or other had called him a "seraph in chocolate" —justly, without a doubt—and that his lingering death in Samoa was a subject Sir Luke Fildes unaccountably missed for one of his weepier paintings.

On Furnas' showing, this wasn't a legend; it was a myth, with overtones of libel. It touches reality only in the passage about *Treasure Island*. In truth, Stevenson was a sincerely devoted and dedicated writer—Furnas recalls that Henry James respected him as a craftsman—who fought his way to a high level of accomplishment against parental opposition, precarious health and much plain bad luck. In neither his personal nor his professional character did he deserve to fall among phonies, and if justice is belatedly done him, the phonies will have to give him up.

Furnas accomplishes Stevenson's revivification by writing an exhaustive biography of his subject, using much new material, and conceding nothing to those who enveloped him in chocolate, to those who wrote him down because of the chocolate, or to those who, in the twenties, tried to make him palatable by foisting some questionable early amours upon him. It is improbable that a better balanced, more exuberantly written biography of a literary person will appear this season. It is uncommon in any year to get one so continuously intelligent and interesting. If Stevenson now "revives," the credit will go to J. C. Furnas.

C. HARTLEY GRATTAN

THE YOUNG ENGINEER

THE MEMOIRS OF HERBERT HOOVER, 1874-1920: YEARS OF ADVENTURE (Macmillan; $4).

A READING of this volume of Herbert Hoover's memoirs can only set off melancholy reflections on the malice of a fate that threw him into the Presidency at the moment it did. The turn of the wheel of events gave Hoover the blame for fumbling failure in the Herculean task of undoing the economic consequences of Calvin Coolidge.

For those with memories only of 1929 the present volume will resurrect a Hoover who was quite a man, whatever the standard of measurement. The first part, written in 1915-16, deals with his childhood, education and professional career to the outbreak of World War I. These pages reveal traits of warmth and humor seldom associated with the name of Hoover. The remainder of the book, put down at various times from 1920 to 1924, recounts his role as director of Belgian relief, as United States Food Administrator, in the postwar relief and reconstruction of Europe, and in the Paris peace negotiations.

The record to 1920 suggests puzzling questions that it does not answer. By the age of 40 Hoover had lifted himself by his bootstraps to the point where his income, he says, "probably" exceeded that of any other American engineer. In his mining work over the world he demonstrated great talents as an organizer, as a manager, and as a judge of men. By the time he was 45 his exploits in the relief of the Belgians during World War I and other peoples in the anarchic months after the 1918 Armistice had made him a worldwide symbol of American humanitarianism. Yet a cold and practical skill in political

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maneuver underlay his operations. It required more than a dilettante in diplomacy to conduct Belgian relief in spite of obstacles from the German occupation forces, to overcome British objections to breach of the blockade for food shipments, and to induce both Britain and France to help foot the bill. At home, Hoover, threatened with interference from the elder Henry Cabot Lodge, marshaled his forces and almost brutually turned the screws on the Senator. Why could not the political skill and sensitivity shown in these and other situations be transferred to the tasks of the Presidency?

Perhaps Hoover's skills consisted in person-to-person negotiation rather than in comprehension of or capacity to lead the mass. Yet his record made him a party press agent's dream as well as a living example of the American dream. Consider what a friendly Charlie Michelson could have done with the record: A farm boy, an orphan, a self-supporting student at Stanford, Hoover worked in the mines at $2 a day until he could break into his profession; a Westerner, he never crossed the Mississippi until at the age of 23 he set out for London to make his fortune in remote and exotic places of the earth; a Bull Mooser, in 1912 he rooted for Teddy Roosevelt and helped pay the bills for other rooters. Add to all these politically proper deeds his achievement in saving children of Europe from starvation.

Hoover's account of the siege of Tientsin, where he happened to be during the Boxer Rebellion, may suggest a clue to part, but only part, of his difficulties. The situation in Tientsin was pretty grim, but the world's press gave the headlines to Peking and to the simultaneous siege and relief in South Africa of Kimberley, Mafeking and Ladysmith. "The total losses of defenders in all three of these put together did not equal our white losses at Tientsin, to say nothing of the losses among the Chinese refugees. But," Hoover wryly explains, "their publicity arrangements were better." The latter-day revisionists would have us believe that such an observation accounts entirely for Hoover's Presidential reputation. That point need not be debated to recognize that in the years 1914-20 Hoover earned for himself a place of honor among his fellow citizens that ought not to be forgotten in the heat of comment, fair or partisan, about the subsequent events of his career.

V. O. KEY JR.

V. O. Key Jr., the author of Southern Politics, is a professor of government at Harvard.

Books in Brief

Incredible New York, by Lloyd Morris (Random House; $5).

The brain reels at the thought of the amount of research Lloyd Morris must have done for this book, the history of the past hundred years of New York City, but what you get is a lively record of an exceedingly lively century. He is as diligent in recording the fantastic pretensions of high society as he is in exposing the wickedness of a town which, only a few decades ago, would have made the present Las Vegas, Nevada, seem as prim as Newburyport. He reports on art, literature, architecture, the theatre, restaurants, hotels and traffic congestion (a hundred years ago it was already believed to be unendurably severe). Each New Yorker will no doubt find omissions in the field of his own special interest—a journalist notes that neither Dana of the *Sun* nor Ochs of the *Times* is in the index—but Mr. Morris could plead with justice that to get everyone in would have required ten times his 362 pages of text; as it is, he lists about 1,500 names.

Annual Report on Stress, by Hans Selye, M.D. (Acta; $10).

Dr. Hans Selye, director of the Institute of Experimental Medicine and Surgery at the University of Montreal, believes that all types of illness result from a common cause. That cause is the body's response to "stress," a word of broad application which includes infections, injuries, effects of drugs, emotional problems, heat, cold and fatigue. Triggered by hormones, defense mechanisms are set in motion in the body and produce diseases which may take many forms; these may be aggravated by bad heredity, deficient diet, endocrine malfunctioning and many other things. His book, planned to be one of an annual series, consists chiefly of 3,500 reports on various stress situations, most of them collected during the past year. Dr. Selye has a crusading zeal for his thesis, a zeal certainly not yet shared by the medical profession as a whole.

ON THE AIR

Cheers and Boos

WITH *Celanese Theatre* established on alternate Wednesday nights, 10 to 11, the ABC-TV network has launched the *Pulitzer Prize Playhouse* to fill that same spot on the remaining Wednesdays. There is now one excellent reason per week to keep your set in running order.

The opener of the *Pulitzer* series was Thornton Wilder's *Skin of Our Teeth*, adapted for television by Joseph Schrank. Chief credit for this performance must be given to the producer, Lawrence Carra, but the job was so good that there are compliments to spare for the network; Frigidaire, the sponsor; director Charles Dubin; the entire cast; and the set designer, Bob Bright. The play was fitted so skillfully into the 50-minute TV straitjacket that it compared very well with the Broadway original. Thomas Mitchell and Peggy Wood, as Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus, grew impressively in stature with the play's progress, as did Fredric March and Florence Eldridge when they created the roles. Nina Foch was delightful in the role of Lilith, the eternal tramp, which on the stage evoked from Tallulah Bankhead her greatest performance. A young actor, James Lipton, was effectively ugly and dangerous as Cain, the military bully. The mock-portentous asides with which Miss Bankhead regaled the theatre audiences were handled on TV by having Miss Foch tangle from time to time with a prop camera or pull down the microphone boom for a few direct and confidential words. The device did not work perfectly, but it was a refreshing deviation from TV's conventionalism and was a hint that Carra and Dubin are prepared to use some ingenuity to get their effects.

The presence of Carra at the helm of *Pulitzer Playhouse* is an important omen for anyone in television with the wit to see it. ABC-TV brought him into the medium very recently, hiring him away from a safe academic job as head of the Drama department at Carnegie Institute of Technology. The man had

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never done a television show before in his life—unless he had practised the art quietly, and entirely on a local scale, at Carnegie Tech. There was head-shaking among a lot of television's ninety-day wonders—station managers, advertising-agency executives, sponsors (or their wives)—who pass as video experts today, although until recently they had never seen the inside of a studio. People of this stripe put no trust in Carra, but he is representative of the many men and women of brains and skill (gained in the innumerable phases of show business outside broadcasting) whom TV so badly needs. ABC deserves thanks for giving Carra a chance to show that TV success is not a monopoly of the merchandising experts.

Sometimes it is not a salesman in network or agency who wants to horn in on the artistic side of broadcasting, but a public-relations counselor or a lawyer. In the case of *Celanese Theatre*, you may have read that an attorney for the advertising agency handling the account decided that he would be the final arbiter on choice of cast. Elmer Rice, whose *Counselor-at-Law* received a *Celanese* production, exposed that brassy lawyer's activities by announcing that he would permit no more of his plays to be broadcast on the program. He charged that this attorney was using *Red Channels* as a guide for blackballing actors chosen by the playwrights, producers and directors.

Rice's protest pointed publicly to the fact that *Red Channels'* smears are still effective, behind the scenes. The Broadway stage has ignored it—a number of people listed in the pamphlet have held on to their stage jobs, and some have more recently been given starring roles. But broadcasting scares more easily. Within the last few weeks, one of our good modern poets lost the air-continuity writing assignment which for six years had given him the bread-and-butter security to produce work for which he had been honored by the American Academy of Arts and Letters. In Radio City recently, I met an able actress who was there to do a program for a national charity (at scale); it was her first broadcast job in a year. Another prominent actress was invited "to grace the dais" at a banquet for a famous educator; she accepted, but the invitation was canceled before the soup was served. All of these people—and many others—are *Red Channels* victims.

It's disgraceful, and sad, that a program as good as *Celanese* permits itself to be censored thus irresponsibly. Last season, Robert Kintner, president of the ABC network, told the Illinois high command of the American Legion to go peddle its papers when the superpatriots, having studied *Red Channels*, opposed the appearance of Gypsy Rose Lee on the air. It is time now for him to have a talk with the righteously timid sponsors of *Celanese*. SAUL CARSON

THEATRE

The Excellent Mediocre

A SARDONIC Continental philosopher once said of John Stuart Mill's eminence in England, "In a flat country, molehills look like mountains." In our almost completely vacant theatrical scene, the excellent mediocre is often taken quite simply as the excellent. Perhaps there is nothing to bemoan in the situation: if people insist on going to the theatre they must go to see the best that is offered—even if the best is mediocre. And I do not altogether blame the reviewer who, in these circumstances, waxes pseudo-rapturous over what he knows to be only so-so. A smart French critic pointed out a long time ago that criticism of contemporary works was not criticism so much as conversation. That being so, I must refrain from speaking the probably unnecessary truth about some of "the best shows of the season."

No one need hesitate to speak out boldly about André Roussin's *Nina*: it's awful. In Paris, where its performance by Elvire Popesco and a clever comedian named Jacques Vattier was immeasurably superior to that of the New York cast, I stayed for two acts. Here I could take only one.

There is no reason to evince any special passion either way over *The Constant Wife*. This fancy Maugham tidbit is better than tolerable. It is a fairly witty distortion of the "sophistication" of the twenties—as artificial and stylized an image of that time as the much better Restoration comedies were of their epoch. But whereas the early period is sufficiently remote to make its plays almost abstract in their comic design, the twenties are so close that a play like *The Constant Wife* strikes us now as a little old-fashioned without being delightful because of it. And though the Katharine Cornell-Guthrie McClintic production has many of the superficial attributes of a chic competence, it is too soft and self-conscious to achieve real distinction. The whole evening might be described as an epigram with wool in its mouth.

Paint Your Wagon failed to tickle or excite me in any way. It contains plenty of show—in fact, it is fulsome—replete with sound (the male chorus makes a nice round noise), elaborate comedy routines (James Barton's drunk "act" is less effective now than it was in the old Palace days) and would-be riotous dances. But all this is unoriginal and, worse, unsifted. Gemze de Lappe and Mary Burr are two remarkably agile and vivid girls, but Agnes de Mille's choreography—of which I am usually fond—seems congested and repetitious like everything else in the proceedings.

Lo and Behold once again reveals John Patrick's comedy talent, but it gets lost this time in the service of a feeble dramatic notion in which a group of ghosts comment on and abet the courtship of a sort of Tenth Avenue girl with a heart of gold. Lee Grant plays this part fetchingly and Doro Merande as an Amerindian ghost is funny too. One sits at this play hoping all the time that it will get better.

Point of No Return, the Paul Osborn dramatization of Marquand's novel, may be praised chiefly as a job of expert producing. The cast is smooth as duvetyn—Henry Fonda, John Cromwell, Leora Dana, Robert Ross and most of the others—all look well, do their work neatly and generally have a nice "feel" about them. In fact, the production as a whole gives off an air of trim and genial efficiency such as we get from

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one of those handsomely published works of fiction which all the respectable people buy, recommend to one another at tea or cocktail hour, give their friends as gifts—and forget long before next Christmas.

The play is that commercially happy combination of intelligence and cliché. Its charm depends on the shock of recognition on a simple middle-class level. Isn't it funny, for example, to observe a man in a Pullman who, meeting a boyhood friend he hasn't seen in twenty years, hits him repeatedly on the knee, exclaiming, "Why Charlie Gray, you old son-of-a-gun!"? There are better things in the play than that: cute lines and quips such as the allusion to the "mellow-money" of the New England Brahmin, but fundamentally the material and entertainment are of a familiar sort and never become creative.

It is inevitable that this should be so, because the play's premise is intellectually disingenuous. Will Charlie Gray, who works as a minor bank executive, be raised from his $10,000-a-year job to a position of junior vice-president at possibly $20,000? The emotional suspense is centered on the assumption that if Charlie stays poor he will remain "free" of the rat-race and thus have a chance to become a real person, while if he is trapped in the higher bracket he will slowly perish either of fat or of tycoon complacency. (The play's happy ending suggests that Charlie is the kind of fellow who will remain a right guy no matter how successful he becomes.) But, of course, it is obvious from the first that it makes not a particle of difference, spiritually, in what bracket Charlie lives: he is a stereotype character and, as depicted, his human dimension would not be enhanced if he were transported to Parnassus.

Well, someone may ask, didn't you have a *really* good time anywhere these past two weeks? The answer is "Yes": at the City Center Ballet, where I saw Jerome Robbins' new prank *The Pied Piper*, and Balanchine's *La Valse*; at an amateur show on the East Side directed by Joseph Buloff; at a wholly wonderful recital given recently by the superb Quartetto Italiano. HAROLD CLURMAN

Liberalism: A Catholic View

(Continued from page 17)

coincidence of these two terms, new and perfect, which together and indissolubly sum up our human ideal, we must go back to St. Paul: we too must believe in Christ. In the bringing together of these very simple ideas there is contained, it seems, in principle a refutation of that social humanism which is the present phase of man's hopeless endeavor to save himself by his own efforts.

It is unlikely that the nondogmatic liberal movement in America will ever make a creative contribution to the political and social processes needed to bring about a free world. By its very definition as "the nondogmatic, pragmatic Left," it will never come up with a revolutionary idea, a prophet, a body of principles, a world-embracing idea, as the dogmatic Left (Marxists), for example. Its reaction against dogmatism, ironically, has precluded it from ever changing the world, from ever becoming more than an articulate minority. By definition, its pragmatism has instead defined its function. It will, in my mind, forever be a sort of watchdog on whatever administration might be in political control in America.

This is not to criticize the liberal movement, for certainly its present role of keeping the voice of freedom and justice alive in this present age of fear, hesitation and hysteria is an important role; and perhaps history will yet adjudge it as the most important role to be played in America at this critical time.

The battle for the soul of the world, meanwhile, remains as one between the dogmatists, that is, between the Marxists and the Christians, both of whom have a God, beatific vision, a theory of revolution, a prophet, a body of doctrine, a missionary purpose and a credo. We can bear in mind here the words of the Rev. John Courtney Murray S.J., prominent Catholic theologian:

This is no war over frontiers, nor between peoples, nor between continents. It is a clash of forces that knows no frontiers for each seeks a zone of influence that is unlimited. Most simply and therefore most fundamentally the great battle rages between the forces of materialism and the forces of the spirit.

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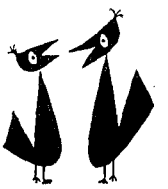

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